



A SALINE "SOLUTION"

The mother of a St. Joseph, Mo., tot gave her a nickel and said:

"Run down to the grocery and get me five cents' worth of loose salt."

At the store she proudly gave the order, but was told by the proprietor that he was entirely out of loose salt. Determined not to go home empty handed, the wee customer replied:

"Well, then, I'll take a nickel's worth of the tight."—St. Louis Republic.

THE PARTING

"The great men are all dead," she said with evident regret.

"But the beautiful women are not," he replied, looking earnestly at her.

"Of course," she added, after a moment's reflection, "I always except present company."

"So do I," he said.

Then she asked him if he would be good enough to conduct her to her husband.

AS ORDERED

"Send someone up to Room 77 at once," came the voice of old Mrs. Moneybags to the night clerk's desk.

"I trust you are not ill, madam?" he inquired.

"I soon shall be if something is not done!" replied the old lady, in excited tones.

Hurriedly, the manager went to Room 77.

"Now, listen!" said the wrathful lady. "That noise overhead has been going on for the last two hours, and has nearly driven me mad."

"I cannot understand it, madam," answered the clerk, listening curiously to the bumps and bangs overhead. "The gentleman in that room is ill."

Upstairs, he inquired the cause of the disturbance. The occupier of the room was a Frenchman.

"It ees the medicine, m'sieur," he explained. "The doctor did say, 'Take two nights running, then skip a night.' M'sieur, pardon, but I was doing the skip!"

DON'T BLAME HIM

"Your garden doesn't look very promising this year," said the neighbor; "what's the matter?"

"Well," said the wife, "every time my husband got to digging in it he found a lot of worms, and they always reminded him of his fishing tackle."

THE MUSICAL ART

Mother—What do you think you will make out of my daughter's talent?

Professor (absent-mindedly) — About a dollar a lesson, if the piano holds out.

THE NATURAL METHOD

"I am learning to spell," said Harold, upon his return from school.

"Can you spell bread?" asked grandma.

"Not yet," answered Harold. "Try me on a piece of pie."